

The Children's Paper

APRIL 1923 T. NELSON & SONS, LTD. TWOPENCE



"QUALITY
AND FLAVOUR"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

See the name **CADBURY** on every piece of Chocolate

MADE UNDER
IDEAL CONDITIONS

SEASONABLE BOOKS

The British Nature Book.

12s. 6d. net.

By S. N. SEDGWICK. A Handbook and Guide to British Nature Study. 500 pages. 32 Black-and-white and 8 Coloured Plates, and many text illustrations.

Birds Through the Year.

12s. 6d. net.

By W. BEACH THOMAS and A. K. COLLETT. A fascinating book on the ways of birds. 360 pages. Quarto, cloth. Beautifully illustrated with 24 Coloured Plates by A. W. SEABY and other Eminent Bird Artists; and 236 text illustrations by A. W. SEABY.

"THROUGH THE CAMERA"

Each 3s. 6d. net

Wild Flowers through the Camera.

A series of 100 Plates, selected and described by MACGREGOR SKENE, B.Sc.

Wild Birds through the Camera.

A series of 100 Plates, selected and described by F. B. KIRKMAN, B.A. (Oxon), Editor of "The British Bird Book."

Wonders of the Sea-Shore.

A series of 100 Plates, selected and described by F. MARTIN DUNCAN.

Sketching Without a Master. By J. HULLAH BROWN.

6s. net.

Sketching in Water-Colours. By JAMES STEUART.

3s. 6d. net.

Two delightfully helpful books which have proved of great assistance to amateurs.

"THROUGH THE EYE" SERIES

The Civilization of the Ancient Egyptians. By E. BOTHWELL GOSSE. 5s. net.

With a profusion of illustration to elucidate the text.

T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd., London and Edinburgh



RANKIN'S
HEAD OINTMENT

The School Scourge. Nits and vermin in the hair are the commonest means of communicating disease. Rankin's Head Ointment kills them instantly. 4d., 8d., & 1/3 of all chemists. Try "RANKO" INSECT POWDER for Fleas, Beetles, and all insect pests. 3d., 6d., & 1/- tins.

Rankin & Co., Kilmarnock. Established over 100 years.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED
WHITE
& BLUE

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

APRIL 1923

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



BY HAROLD AVERY.

IT was the year 1820, and a British frigate, cruising off the West African coast, had for some hours been in chase of a schooner which, from her rig and evident determination to show the warship a clean pair of heels, had every appearance of being a slaver.

"At the rate we are gaining on her, we ought to be within gunshot of her in another half-hour, Mr. Rainer," remarked the frigate's captain, addressing the lieutenant who stood at his side.

A grim smile of satisfaction appeared on Rainer's face. His eager look was not due to the mere excitement of the race. Tales of the horrible cruelties inflicted on the unfortunate negroes in what was known as the "middle passage" made every man aboard the frigate anxious to share in the work of suppressing this barbarous traffic. With her tall masts and wide spread of canvas, it might have been thought that the war vessel would have found little difficulty in overhauling the smaller craft; but the long and narrow hull of the schooner had been built for the express purpose of giving her speed, and for a time the issue of the chase had been in doubt.

Presently the lieutenant raised his glass to his eye. For a few moments he stood peering at the stranger, then gave vent to a grunt, as if perplexed at what he had observed.

"They appear to be lightening ship, sir," he remarked. "Heaving some of their cargo overboard."

"Slaves, d'you mean?" inquired the captain quickly, and referring to a hideous practice to which it was well known the slavers would sometimes resort.

"No, sir, it looks like some large barrels they are dropping into the sea. There goes another."

The captain took the glass, and saw that the statement was correct. The dark objects now bobbing in the schooner's wake were evidently big casks.

"They hope we shall pick them up to see what they are, but of course that's out of the question. The delay would give those rascals a chance to escape."

On rushed the frigate with a billow of foam beneath her bows, and the casks drifted past her unheeded. Had she paused to lower a boat it would in all probability have meant losing the schooner.

"We're well within range of her now," said the captain a quarter of an hour later. "We'll give her a round of blank."

A cloud of white smoke burst from the frigate's bows and went drifting down the wind. The peremptory summons to heave to boomed out across the sea; but, beyond hoisting the French flag, the schooner paid no heed to the signal. There was a period of tense excitement, then the gun roared again, while away in the distance three columns of water rising fountain-like into the air marked the flight of a shot. Seemingly at last aware that, unless she obeyed the summons, one of her masts might very soon go crashing over the side, the schooner shortened sail and hove to. The frigate drew level, and lay heaving gently on the long ocean swell, her open ports with their long line of grinning muzzles providing an effective argument against any fresh attempt to escape.

A boat was lowered with John Rainer in command. He was not expecting a friendly reception on board the schooner, but he was rather surprised by the storm of violent abuse with which her master met him as he clambered over the rail. The man, a swarthy, villainous-looking rascal, swore and literally stamped with rage. In broken English he demanded to know why he should be made heave to here on the high seas, where he had as much right to sail as any British frigate. That the French flag should have been fired upon was, he declared, an insult not only to himself but to his nation, and one for which full reparation should be demanded.

"Are we once more at war with England," he screamed, "that you should make this ship a target for your infernal guns?"

"We are at war with any vessel engaged in the slave trade, and that, I very strongly suspect, is the business of this craft," was the officer's reply.

"It is a lie," returned the other furiously. "There is not a single negro on board. If you do not believe me, then search—look for yourselves."

"If you'll but speak the word, sir," growled an old sailor named Brunt, "I'll stop his argifying by chucking him head first down through his own sky-

light. If this ship ain't a slaver, then I'm a Dutchman."

Posting a guard on the schooner's deck, Rainer ordered the hatches to be opened, and proceeded to examine the hold. To his dismay not a negro was to be found. The atmosphere was foul, and difficult to breathe after the clean sea breeze above; of cargo, save for some large empty casks similar to those which had been cast into the sea, there was no trace. The hollow sound produced by kicks administered to two of these barrels told they were empty.

"Well, this don't look very promising," growled Rainer, as he raised the lantern he was carrying that its rays might penetrate farther into the gloom. "It seems as if what the black-guard said was true after all."

He felt vexed and humiliated. However much he might suspect that the schooner was engaged in the abominable trade, it was impossible to claim her as a prize without clear evidence of her guilt, and the necessary proof was lacking. That insolent villain in command of her would be able to snap his fingers at the British frigate and her crew.

"Just look at this, sir!" exclaimed one of the sailors.

The object he had picked up was a formidable-looking whip made of raw hide, with a heavy, knotted lash, one blow of which, on a bare back, would have cut the flesh and forced a scream of agony from the lips of the unhappy sufferer.

"There's no doubt what that's been used for," growled the seaman. "I'd like to have every scoundrel on board this hooker triced up, and lay this about them myself."

Judging that nothing further was to be discovered in the evil-smelling hold, Rainer took the whip and clambered back on deck.

"Vell, and how many niggers haf you found?" cried the master, who was awaiting the officer's reappearance with a malignant look of triumph on his face.

"I've found this anyway," said the lieutenant curtly.



"A vip, eh? Parbleu! and vat does that show? If a man should happen to have a vip in his house, is it a proof zat he has a coach and horses?"

"But this isn't a horsewhip."

"No matter; I may sometimes haf to use it to keep my men in order. On your men-of-war you do ze same—what you call ze cat-o'-nine-tails, eh? If one should find a vip on yonder frigate, does zat prove she is a slaver?"

It was with difficulty that Rainer could retain his self-control. He was strongly inclined to let out with his fist, and fell the rascal to the deck. He was convinced in his own mind that the fellow had often enough used this same

weapon in inflicting torture on the wretched blacks.

Those aboard the frigate were no doubt waiting anxiously to hear the result of the search. Rainer prepared to give the order for his men to return to the boat, but the master of the schooner was determined to enjoy his triumph to the fullest possible extent, and commenced a fresh tirade, pouring forth abuse on the British Navy, and declaring with many oaths that the fact of a peaceable French merchantman having been fired upon should be reported to his own government.



It would have been wiser had he been content to allow his unwelcome visitors to depart over the side without further delay. Growling away to himself, old Brunt was still rummaging about in the hold, determined not to abandon the search till the command was given to take to the boat. "She's had 'black ivory' aboard her, I'll warrant," he muttered. "But what's come of it?"

At that moment something rolled beneath his foot; it was a rusty iron bar. He picked it up, and with it struck a heavy blow on one of the casks. To his amazement the thud was followed by a feeble, muffled cry.

"Lawk-a-mussy!" exclaimed the tar, "where did that come from? Smash me if there ain't something alive in this barrel."

Using his iron bar with greater care, he knocked out the head of the cask, then gave vent to a growl of indignation as he saw what it contained. Packed inside the barrel were two negro children of from twelve to fourteen years of age. They cringed with abject terror as Brunt bent down to examine them more closely by the light of his lamp.

"No need to be afeared," cried the sailor. "We'll soon have you out o' that, and up in the sunshine."

The schooner's master was still lashing the crest-fallen boat's crew with his tongue, when Brunt's face appeared above the coamings of the hatch.

"Beg pardon, sir," he shouted, "I've got 'em!"

"Got what?" cried the lieutenant, while the raucous voice of his tormentor, which had risen almost to a scream, suddenly died down into silence.

"Two black children, sir—headed up in a cask they was. But I reckon that's enough to prove what sort of goods this 'ere craft is running."

"D'ye hear that?" demanded Rainer, rounding on the slaver. "Another word from you, and I'll have you clapped in irons."

Several willing pairs of hands assisted in hoisting the two negro children on deck, where they crouched, hardly able to stand.

They were the only survivors of a party of fourteen, carried off from a village on the coast. The inhuman wretches on board the schooner, when they found that escape from the frigate was impossible, had flung the others overboard concealed in the casks which had drifted past the frigate, and of which no trace was ever seen again. By some chance, the one particular barrel, on the head of which Brunt's iron bar had fallen, had been overlooked, or the two children must have shared the fate of their friends.

But the old salt's blow on the head of the barrel had put a stop to the schooner's career as effectively as a broadside from the frigate. It was the last voyage she ever made with "black ivory" on board.

Things to Do

How to Make Caramel Toffee

TO make this toffee you must first have ready the following articles: 1 tin of condensed milk (1s. size); 1 teacupful of sugar; 2 tablespoonfuls of syrup; and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter or margarine.



Put the syrup, sugar, and butter into a saucepan on the fire and let them boil together for three minutes. Draw the pan aside until you add the condensed milk, then let it boil for fifteen to twenty minutes, and pour into a greased tin and allow to cool. Be sure to keep stirring *all the time*, to prevent any chance of the toffee sticking to the pan. If you wish to make the toffee richer, a few chopped nuts or seedless raisins may be added. By following these directions most delicious caramel toffee can be made in a little more than half an hour.

To Transfer Magazine Drawings and Pictures

When you wish to transfer pictures from a magazine or paper, rub with paraffin wax a sheet of clean, white paper, covering a space as large as the picture to be transferred. Place the wax side of the paper down upon the picture and rub the back of the paper thoroughly with the smooth bowl of a spoon until all parts of the picture have been gone over. Upon reversing the paper you will find a perfect copy of the picture on the waxed side.

Bible Story

John, the Companion of Jesus

BY ROBERT BIRD

4. JOHN THE BAPTIST

AMONG the yellow hills of Hebron, at the other end of the country, there lived a woman called Elisabeth, a cousin of John's mother. She was married to a priest of the Temple, and they had an only son, also called John, whom they had brought up with very great care. They had trained him to be a preacher, and he was not allowed to taste wine or even grapes, and his hair had never been cut. When he grew to be a man he lived the life of a lonely student in desert places where there were no people, and he was now thirty years of age, the age when teachers, having learned enough, were allowed to teach others. He was known as John the Baptist.



THE BAPTIST.

the words of Isaiah, the prophet of old, were about to come true.

The Baptist had deeply studied the book of Isaiah. He knew what had been done by the prophet Elijah, who went about wearing a hairy skin, and with a leather belt about his waist. The Baptist had pondered over the passage where the prophet says:—

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness,
Prepare the way of the Lord."

In no part of the land did the Baptist's message rouse deeper feelings than among the green hills of

Galilee and in the villages round the blue lake. He had cousins there about his own age, and they heard, with awe and enthusiasm, of what he was doing.



THE FORDS OF JORDAN.

With splendid courage, like another Elijah, he was calling upon the people to prepare and be ready to rise and follow the Messiah when He appeared.

We do not know how many young men of Galilee answered the call of the Baptist. It is likely that numbers went from the villages round the lake, and were baptized, and came home again when the Temple festival was over. But some who went did not return, but stayed to help the Baptist to prepare the people for the Messiah. Among them were John of Bethsaida, and his brother James, Peter the fisherman of Capernaum, and his brother Andrew.

Under the spell of the Baptist's words, John took the step that would change his life from that of a fisherman to that of a teacher—a step that would enrich the world's knowledge of Jesus, for in his Gospel, written when an old man, we find many things not noticed by the other three evangelists, and accompanied by comments and explanations of the deepest interest. The brothers may have gone up to the festival in Jerusalem, but John did not go back to his fishing. When the Bethsaida band passed through the fords on their way home they left him behind, and he was soon helping the Baptist with the crowds who came to hear and be baptized.

Many years afterwards, when John wrote down his impressions of these early days when he first saw the Baptist, standing on the banks of the swift-running river, in his prophet's garb and belt, he used few words. He said there was a man from God, called John, who came to speak of the Messiah who would appear, that all people might believe. He was not the Messiah, but he came to speak of Him. And how did he speak? In impassioned language

the Baptist spoke of the coming Christ as of a light that would lighten every part of the world—a rising sun, towards which all people would turn their faces. Standing near to the Baptist, as he held up his bare arms and called loudly to the people day after day, John listened and noted what he said. And in the evening, sitting among the shadows, where the leaves of the bushes dabbled in the water, John heard the Baptist explaining to his disciples what he had said, and answering their questions, and John has written it down for men to read.

The Baptist had now about him many young men like John, who earnestly believed him, and were daily expecting to see the Holy One of God. What they would do when Christ appeared they probably had not thought of. It was autumn, with leaves of red and yellow on the trees, and purple grapes in clusters on the vines, and down in the deep valley of the Jordan the heat was great where the river ran in its narrow channel.

The Baptist and his disciples had come down from the hills, and were again beside the river, where the people were arriving in bands, and leisurely washing themselves and resting, before moving on again. He was telling them, in his exciting way, that Christ was near, His kingdom at hand, and calling upon them to be baptized as he pointed to the river, inviting the people to wash and be clean; and many laid aside their head-shawls, tucking up their long tunics into their leather belts, and declared they were ready to confess their sins and be baptized by him.

John was on the bank, looking at the men of different tribes and villages, most of whom were unknown to him.

But among them this day is One with brown hair falling on His shoulders, who watches with grave dark eyes the movements of the Baptist, as he calls upon all who believe to come and be baptized in the river. When the Baptist left the higher ground and went down to the water's edge, the crowds followed him, and this young Galilean went also, and stood watching the people wading one after another into the river. Taking off His rough cloak and the light shawl that protected His head and face from the sun, and laying them down at the edge of the river, He pulled His tunic up through His belt, and, unbuckling His sandals, waded barefooted into the water.

When the dark eyes of the Baptist rested on the face of this young Galilean, they glowed with joy. John tells us that the Baptist knew He was Jesus of Nazareth, and would not baptize Him, but asked Jesus to baptize him instead. But Jesus answered

that He wished to be baptized, and the Baptist poured the water of the river upon Him, while Jesus prayed to God. He prayed still as He came out of the river. And John tells us that to Jesus the skies were opened, and he saw the Spirit of God, like a dove, coming down upon Him, and a voice from heaven saying,—

“Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

There was no stir among the people; there was no surprise among the Baptist's friends. The baptism of Jesus passed unnoticed, for there was nothing to distinguish Him from other young men from Galilee. No one spoke to Him as He put on His head-shawl and stooped to tie His sandals, and lift His heavy cloak and stick. No one knew He had prayed to God, and that His prayer was answered. Passing through the crowd, Jesus went away alone, and those who looked at Him over their shoulder saw a young countryman going away from the camps and tents, the crowds and tongues of people, away to some spot where He might be alone by Himself.

And yet something had happened that day that would change the lives of millions of men and women in the world. Christ, the Saviour, had appeared, and they that saw Him knew Him not.

John was a spectator on the bank who saw but did not know what was happening before his eyes. He may have wondered why the Baptist spoke so earnestly to this young Galilean before baptizing Him, but it was not until afterwards that he heard all the wonders of that day.

The Baptist told his disciples he did not know at first that Jesus was the Christ, but he had been told of God that when Christ appeared he would see God's Spirit coming down like a dove out of heaven and resting upon Him. The Baptist saw the Spirit come down upon Jesus, who was the Son of God.

Soon John, James, Peter, and Andrew, the disciples of the Baptist, knew that Christ had come and had gone; for the Baptist no longer spoke of Him as coming, but told the people plainly that He had been standing among them on the bank of the river, and they knew it not. They had seen Him with their eyes, and knew Him not! These were astonishing words. Where was He now? Had he left them? When the Baptist told them the time when Christ appeared, and that He had gone away alone, the people wondered if it were true. What was He like? A young Galilean of about thirty. Was He dressed like a prince? No; like a peasant of Galilee.

Jesus walked away towards the wild country of the desert, between the fords of Jordan and the Dead Sea.



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



THE conjurer was producing eggs from a top hat. He addressed a boy in the front row.

"Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said the boy.

"How's that?" asked the conjurer.

"She keeps ducks," answered the boy.

+ + +

Horse-dealer (to Farmer). "What will you give me for this horse?"

Farmer. "A load of hay."

Horse-dealer. "And what would I want with hay and no horse to eat it?"

Farmer. "Well, I'd lend you the horse till the hay was gone."

(Sent in by WILLIAM POOLER.)

+ + +

Johnny. "Say, father, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said something about finding the great common divisor."

Father (in disgust). "Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were hunting for it when I was a boy."

+ + +

A WIDOW intending to succeed her husband in the management of an hotel, advertised that "The hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

(Sent in by T. SULLIVAN.)

+ + +

A BIG and a little man were sawing a piece of wood with a cross-saw—that is, the kind with a handle at each end—when an Irishman stopped to watch them pulling it to and fro. After a few moments' observation Pat strode up to the big man, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Give the saw to the little fellow if he wants it." (Sent in by WM. EDWARDS.)

+ + +

JOAN, aged six, and Kathleen, aged eight, were having an argument as to who was the taller.

"Of course you are not as tall as I am," said Kathleen. "You are only as high as my shoulder."

"Yes," admitted Joan; "but your feet don't go down any farther than mine, so I'm as tall as you in that way."

(Sent in by BESSIE POPE.)

+ + +

"HELLO! what's the matter, little boy? Are you lost?"

Little Boy. "Yes, I am. I might 'a known better'n to come out with Gran'ma. She's always losin' somethin'."

A Few Conundrums

(Sent in by some of our Readers.)

WHEN does a boy cease to be a boy?

Ans. When he turns into a lane.

(LILY ROBERTS.)

WHY should a dunce study the letter P before going in for an examination?

Ans. Because it makes an ass pass.

(LILY ROBERTS.)

WHAT is it that goes up and down, wears many boots out, and yet never had any boots?

Ans. A football.

(GLADYS MEREDITH.)

WHAT is lengthened by being cut at both ends?

Ans. A ditch.

(HARRY JONES.)

WHAT is the difference between a baby and your boots?

Ans. One you were and one you wear.

(WILLIAM POOLE.)

WHAT should a man do if he split his sides with laughter?

Ans. Run until he got a stitch in them.

WHAT is the difference between a girl and a postage stamp?

Ans. One is a female and the other a mail fee.

WHICH is the longest word in the English language?

Ans. Smiles. There is a mile between the first and last letters.

LUKE had it first; Paul had it last; boys never have it; girls always have it.

Ans. The letter "L."

WHY is a mouse like a haystack?

Ans. Because the cat'll eat it.

(HUGO MINFORD.)

WHAT is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy?

Ans. One is strong will, and the other is strong won't.

WHY did the sausage roll?

Ans. Because it saw the apple turnover.

(ANNE CLAY.)

WHAT is bought by the yard and worn by the foot?

Ans. A carpet.

(MARIE HAMMOND.)

WHAT wig can no barber make?

Ans. An earwig.

(MARIE HAMMOND.)



CHAPTER VI

TEA AT THE COURT

CON was depressed. To have to wash one's neck and wear best clothes *two* days running is enough to depress most boys. If only Con could have escaped being entertained at the Court he would have rejoiced.

"Wouldn't it be better for you and Ann to go alone?" he asked Noel. "I could go to tea with the sexton. He asked me."

But Noel was firm. He did not intend to be the only boy to keep two girls company.

Lady Polwillan met them on the steps of the house and told them Pamela was on the croquet lawn.

"Such a nice game," she gushed. "Pamela is quite clever at it."

Pamela was practising shots through the hoops with the blue ball. She was taller than Ann and very pretty, but so dreadfully neat and smooth and sedate that she did not look as if she had ever been crumpled in her life. She shook hands "up in the air" in a limp way.

"Do you play golf croquet or ordinary?" she asked.

She didn't *look* at all delighted to see them, and her tones were washed out.

"Guess we don't play either," laughed Ann. "Way in California there are no lawns or games like that. But we play hide-and-seek. It's fine!"

"And 'joggle along,'" added Con.

Pamela looked disdainful. "That's what the village children play," she said; "but I don't understand it. Perhaps I had better show you the gardens, and then it will be tea-time."

Noel cheered up at this. "Do you drive the car yourself?" he asked.

Pamela shook her head. "Oh dear, no," she replied. "Hales the chauffeur drives it. But I have my pony. Its name is Snow."

This was interesting. Snow was a darling, and the visitors longed for a ride, but they were not offered one. They liked the pigeons, the ducks, and the white bantams, and the boys would have loved to explore the farmyard, but Pamela said it was *far* too dirty.

"Don't you like dirty places?" asked Con pityingly.

And Pamela, with her pretty nose very much in the air, said, "Certainly not!"

If only the Sunshine children had been left to explore the Court grounds by themselves they would thoroughly have enjoyed it. There was a glorious yew hedge of such surprising thickness that a perfect little "summer house" had been cut out of it. Then the duck pond would have kept our three busy for the rest of the time, if only they might have discovered for themselves whether the tub lying near would float. Noel seriously contemplated escape from their guide and a return to this delightful spot, which Pamela passed with her handkerchief held to her nose!

It was a relief to go indoors to tea. Tea is such a cosy meal that the visitors hoped their hostess might "thaw."

But Pamela did not seem to have much "thaw" in her. She sat at the top of the schoolroom table and poured out tea into pretty china cups. There were all sorts of cakes and jams, but oh! far too small and dainty to please Con. He was wondering whether he could have put *all* the sandwiches in his mouth at once, and the thoughtful expression with which he eyed them made Ann quite anxious.

"My French governess has gone to Brittany for her holidays," said Pamela to Ann. "Do you have a French governess?"

The idea of a "Mademoiselle" out at Golden Vale Farm so upset Con that he choked and had to be patted on the back by Noel.

"Mother teaches us most times," said Ann merrily; "but I guess we're some dunces."

"Oh," said Pamela, "I like my lessons. I am reading Daudet's *Contes de Lundi*. They are very interesting. Shall we go downstairs now, and see if mamma is in?"

But just then, as it happened, Lady Polwillan herself came in. "Finished tea, my dears?" she said. "Well, don't go out in the garden again. The days are drawing in so fast. Have a nice game of hide-and-seek about the house. Have you shown your little friends the secret room, Pam darling?"

"Pam darling" looked dreadfully bored, and confessed that she had forgotten it. But having heard there was a secret room, of course her

guests would not rest till they had seen it. Not that it was very exciting—just a bare little room, with no furniture at all, behind a panel.

"Aren't there even any bloodstains?" asked Noel regretfully.

"You horrid boy," shuddered Pamela, "of course not! Come along now, if we have got to play a short game of hide-and-seek. Will you and Noel hide first, Ann, and then Con and I will hide after?"

Con was not at all honoured by being chosen. He would have liked to go off with the others, though he was quite sorry for Pamela. It must be awful, thought Con, to be always so stiff and starched. He would have liked to find a way of unstarching Pamela.

Noel and Ann were very clever in hiding themselves away, considering the house was a strange one. Pamela and Con hunted upstairs and downstairs, till they met Ann stealing off for "home" across the landing. Con gave a yell and dashed in pursuit, but Ann, putting her legs over the banisters, slid down to safety, to the horror of Lady Polwillan, who was just coming upstairs with her husband. But Sir Julian only shouted with laughter, and told Ann she was a capital little sportswoman and must wake up his Pamela to enjoy fun in the same way.

I don't know what Lady Polwillan would have thought if she had stayed to see Con unearthing Noel from under a fluffy feather bed in one of the spare rooms.

"I am *not* going to hide in places like that," Pamela told Con, when their turn came. "It is much nicer to hide—er—behind doors, or under tables, where one does not get in a mess. There

is a big screen in the dining-room where we can both hide."

Con followed sadly. This was a wash-out sort of hide-and-seek, but his face brightened to a broad beam as in the dining-room he discovered an old friend. It was George the footman, Rose's George, setting some pots of flowers in the hearth. Con rushed to shake hands.

"I *am* glad I've seen you, George," he cried. "I told Rose I should give you her love. Those plums were topping. We ate them in the night. It *was* fun. Louisa nearly caught us. Are you coming to tea on Saturday?"

George blushed and grinned, and looked rather embarrassed. He had seen Miss Pamela's look of lofty disdain, and was glad to escape from the friendly Con. Pamela showed her indignation by ignoring Con altogether, but Con was not easily ignored.

"Guess this screen isn't too bad a place," he approved. "And I'm real glad you thought of it, as I might have missed seeing George. He is a nice man, isn't he?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Pamela. "In England we don't shake hands with footmen and make friends of them."

Con laughed. "That's some queer," he said. "Why not, I wonder? I wouldn't like to put on frills the way you do. Ain't you ever jolly? I believe it would help some if you had a good romp in the farmyard. It would make you kind of cheerful when you're a bit grubby."

"I'd rather not, thanks," said Pamela. "And if you talk so much we shall both be caught."

Actually they were not caught. Pamela was a quick runner, and she was so pleased by the way Con helped her to get "home" that she *did* thaw a tiny bit. But I am sure she was as



ANN, PUTTING HER LEGS OVER THE BANISTERS, SLID DOWN TO SAFETY, TO THE HORROR OF LADY POLWILLAN

pleased as the Sunshine children when Uncle Bob called in to walk home with them.

Uncle Bob and Sir Julian were old friends, and the Sunshine children were dismayed to hear their beloved Nunkie asking "Miss Frills" to tea at the Grange.

Pamela did not look pleased either, though Ann tried hard to show the proper spirit of hospitality.

"If it's cool enough for a fire when you come," she said, "we'll show you how to 'pop corn.' It's fine. And you'll like Cluny; he's a proper dog. Perhaps we could go down to the rocks and play smugglers. That's Noel's game."

"Thank you," said Pamela, "but I'm *sure* I shouldn't like the smuggler game, and I—I don't expect I should care for pop-corns! Good-bye."

And the three visitors were *really* glad to say it!

"I was scared stiff," confessed Noel, as they escorted Uncle Bob home, "that some one would suggest Miss Frills coming blackberrying tomorrow. It would have been fierce."

Ann sighed. "Perhaps she never has been able to get a chance of being jolly," she said. "When she comes to tea we'll cheer her up. It would be so much nicer for her if she knew what fun was."

"Well done, Ann," said Uncle Bob, who had been listening. "That was spoken like a real Sunshine child."

And after that no one found any more fault with Pamela!

It was decided that Cluny would have to come blackberrying next day. He was a dear and a sport, but he could *not* be trusted to behave properly for a whole day without his masters and mistress.

I have not said a great deal about Louisa, because it is never much fun talking a lot about grumpy people. Louisa *was* rather grumpy. If it had not been for Con, who had quite won her heart, she would have had a great many complaints to make about our Sunshine children—especially Noel. For Noel was *not* tidy, and he did forget a great many times about muddy boots; and September always is rather a muddy month. If Louisa had had her way she would have punished Noel by tying those boots by their laces round his neck just to "learn" him. As she could not do that, she grumbled.

Ann had to listen to most of those grumbles, and she was beginning to get quite afraid of them. So it was Ann who suggested taking Cluny out blackberrying, for Louisa had told her plainly that she should insist on that dog being sent away if it got up to any of its tricks again.

"I believe Louisa is a little bit friendly with

Miss Spinton," Ann explained to the boys, as they set out with luncheon baskets, blackberrying baskets, and Cluny. "And you know Miss Spinton really does not like us at all. She looks quite sour if ever we go into the shop. So Cluny is better with us. I'll look after him."

That was very unselfish of Ann, for Cluny took a great deal of looking after. He had quite lost his hungry expression, and was as lively as a kitten. Amos called him "owdacious," and I suppose that was sometimes true. He certainly was in an "owdacious" mood this afternoon.

"If we are going to pick blackberries," said Noel, "we shan't be able to walk as far as Gar-rick Zans, so we must leave that till another day. Besides, when we go I want to take a hammer to chip off a piece of the stone for a souvenir."

"We shall be able to find the haunted Mill," said Con. "Rose has told me exactly where it is."

"What a pity that Dick Tenharden could not come," sighed Noel. "I'm really sorry for Dick. His father is some brute to him at times, but his mother is a dear. Dick says, though, that he won't be able to stand much more of it. He'll run away and go to Australia. I hope he won't."

"I like Dick much better than Pamela," said Ann. "And the fisher children play far nicer games than she does. Oh! *look* at those blackberries."

There was a rush for the well-laden brambles, and for a time every one was too busy to talk.

There is nothing nicer than picking blackberries *when* they are big and juicy and there are lots of them. Hunting around for shrivelled and dusty berries is not worth the scratching and tearing which can never be escaped.

Con had a fine "hooky" stick which he lent the others to "turn about," and the baskets soon became quite heavy.

"That must be the Mill over there," said restless Noel, pointing to where in the distance the irregular outline of the ruined Mill stood.

"Let's go and picnic in it," suggested Con. "Guess it would be best to empty that hamper. It's real heavy, and we could fill it with blackberries."

"Reckon we shall be making ourselves real heavy instead," laughed Ann. "Of course you helped Rose to pack, Con, because you didn't want her to be overworked!"

"Sure," retorted Con sweetly. "Rose liked me helping."

The "haunted Mill," or, as it was called by the natives, "Spaniard's Mill," was the queerest, dirtiest old place. There is no accounting for tastes, though for my part I should have pre-

ferred picnicking out on the heather to sitting inside that place for bats and owls. Noel did stir up some sleepy bats, and Ann sang the charm which she had learnt from Susie Tregorran:—

"Airy-mouse, airy-mouse, fly over my head,
And you shall have a crust of bread;
And when I brew, and when I bake,
You shall have a piece of my wedding-cake."

"That's some luck now," she concluded; "and I want to make friends with the bats, because I should not like one to get into my hair."

Con was already unpacking the picnic hamper. I am sure Rose must have been loving him extra much when she made so many pies and cakes. Noel and Ann looked quite serious over it. What a pity it would be if they could not eat everything! Con had no such misgivings. Where there's a will there's a way, and Con was determined to show Rose how an American boy can appreciate Cornish cooking.

Cluny came in for his share of good things. Cluny did not gobble now as he had at first. He had discovered that he need not be in haste to lay in a store against hunger-days. His well-covered ribs and sleek coat showed how different he was finding life. But he did not refuse the tit-bits offered him, and in spite of dust and cobwebs, a merry meal was enjoyed in the Spaniard's Mill.

"We mustn't spend too much time exploring now," hinted Ann, "or we shall never fill our baskets."

Noel laughed. "It would take hours really to explore properly," he said. "What I should like to do would be to come here with Con one moonlight night to see the ghosts. Wouldn't it be fine, Con?"

"Perhaps," said Con. "Only we should want the picnic part too."

"I don't think I would like it, anyhow," decided Ann; "the airy-mice would be too wideawake. And think how grumpy you would be next day!"

So no more was said about the next visit to the Spaniard's Mill, though Noel had quite made up his mind to come.

Poor Noel! He often made up his mind, and then had to unmake it. As, for instance, about the secret stair from the monastery to Roglan's Cave, which he had searched for in his spare time with great zeal, but had *not* found.

In spite of such a big meal the blackberrying went on gaily, till Ann exclaimed at the rising mist. It was not as bad as a fog, and it only rose to a height of about three feet, but you

have no idea how perplexing that white shroud was when you were not very sure of your way.

"Look!" cried Ann. "I guess we ought to be going home. Which way have we to go?"

Noel and Con gazed round. It was quite startling to discover they did not know!

(To be continued.)

Weather Signs

Of good weather—

1. Heavy dew.
2. A clear, rosy sky at sunset.
3. A grey sky in the morning.
4. Dawn first seen on the horizon.
5. Swallows flying high.
6. Sea-birds flying out far to seaward early in the morning.
7. Soft, delicate clouds.
8. Clouds decreasing in size.

Of bad weather—

1. Red sky in the morning.
2. Dawn above bank of clouds (wind).
3. Bright yellow sky at sunset (wind).
4. Pale, watery sky at sunset (rain).
5. Watery moon.
6. Light coloured small clouds driving across dark heavy masses.
7. Unusual clearness of distant sounds.
8. Swallows flying low.
9. Sea-birds flying far inland.
10. Animals in the fields seeking sheltered places.
11. Pigs carrying straw into their sties.

"Rain before seven, fine before eleven" often proves true.

Mottoes for April.

Always to try and be a little kinder than is necessary.

J. M. BARRIE.

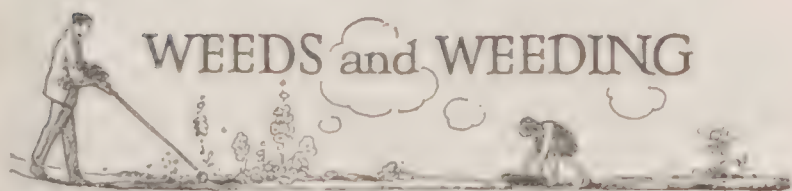
Sent in by BETTY BLAKE, 25 Bonechurch Road,
Milton, Portsmouth.

*They never taste who always drink,
They always talk who never think.*

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Sent in by ANNE CLAY, Kemberton School,
Shifnal, Salop.

Both of these competitors have been awarded a book prize.



THE garden looks prettier now," said Dolly, as she helped her Uncle George to carry a great heap of weeds to the end of the garden.

"I think I know now why we pull the weeds up. It is because they help to hide the flowers of the garden. Is it not, Uncle George?"



THE CRAB APPLE.

"Yes, our garden does look much nicer," her uncle replied. "No garden looks well if weeds grow in it. And the garden plants are better seen when the weeds are taken away.

"That is one reason why we pull up the weeds, Dolly! But it is not the chief reason. These weeds do more than hide the flowers.

"They rob them of their food.

"Our green plants take much of their food from the air. They also draw some food and all their water from the ground or soil.

"If we were to let the weeds grow up they would use this food, and our garden plants would starve.

"Besides this, they would by and by grow up around the garden plants and rob them of light and air."

"But our garden plants also grow up," said Dolly.

"Yes, but not nearly so quickly as the weeds, Dolly."

"How is it that the weeds grow more quickly than the garden plants?" Dolly asked.

"Because," her uncle replied, "they are natives of the soil. Our useful garden plants are strangers brought from other parts. They do not thrive quite so well as the wild plants that really belong to the place.

"We grow garden plants either for their beauty or for food, and so we must let them get all the plant-food and light and air they can.

"That is why we pull up the weeds."

"Are weeds of no use, then, Uncle George?"

"Oh yes, dear! everything that lives and grows in the world is of some use.

"We only call them weeds when we find them growing in the garden or in the fields among our food-plants. We do not call them weeds when we find them growing in the woods or by the roadside.

"A weed is just a plant in the wrong place. We do not want thistles or daisies in our garden; but we like to see them growing outside. Our country lanes, woods, and wilds would be dull indeed if there were no weeds to make them beautiful. Many of our common weeds are very beautiful flowers.

"Then most of our little birds feed upon the seeds of these wild plants. If there were no weeds these little birds would leave us. Then there would be no flowers and very little music in the woods."

"I should not like that," said Dolly. "Our walks would not be nice if there were no flowers or birds about."

"Besides that," said Uncle George, "weeds afford food for many animals. Some weeds are useful to



THE APPLE.

us for food, and some are used for curing people when they are sick. Many of our best medicines are made from weeds.

"Let us see what we have in this heap which we are going to burn. Here is the daisy. In the fields it is one of our best wild flowers. Its seeds are eaten by birds. Near it are the dock, the thistle, chickweed, and groundsel. The seeds of all these form the food of our song-birds. Here is a plant very



STRAWBERRY.

like the groundsel, but much larger and finer. It is the ragwort. This is a very lovely flower. If it were not so common in our fields we should prize it more than we do.

"Its leaves are eaten by sheep.

"Wild rabbits eat grass, dandelions, and clover, and we have all these in our heap of weeds.

"Here is a pretty little dog-violet.

"We should not call it a weed if we saw it growing by the brook.

"Some of our weeds have small flowers—so small that we do not often take the trouble to look at them. But the bees visit them always for honey.

"The shepherd's-purse is the most common weed in our garden. It is a very pretty plant. It is a cousin to our beautiful wallflowers.



WILD STRAWBERRY.

"Some of our garden flowers are the grandchildren of common weeds. Our fine pansies have come from the wild violet. Our roses have all sprung from the wild rose of the wayside. And I am not quite sure that the grand roses of the garden are half so pretty as our wild rose.

"The corn, from which our bread is made, was once a wild-growing plant. In fact, most of our food-plants were at first weeds; and their cousins can still be found growing wild.

"The carrot, the turnip, the beet, the parsnip, the cabbage, and many other useful plants came from wild plants. These wild plants can be found growing by the sea-shore in our own country. The potato is a weed brought from another country.

"Many of our finest garden flowers are found growing wild in other lands. In the gardens of their native land they might be called weeds.

"Our apples, pears, plums, cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, and raspberries have all come from the woods and wilds."

The Mother Moon that Mourns Her Children

AN INDIAN LEGEND

THE Indians of California have a beautiful and curious legend to the effect that the sun, moon and stars are all one family: the sun being the father, and the moon the mother, while the stars are their bright and happy boys and girls.

But alas! the poor sun father can find nothing to eat; so he feeds upon the stars, his children when he can catch them! But just as soon as he gets up in the morning, they run away from their playground in the sky and remain hidden until their father crawls into his hole in the west at sundown. He keeps on crawling along in his narrow hole until he comes to his narrow bed in the centre of the earth. This bed is so narrow that he cannot turn round, so he has to creep out on the east side of the earth. Then the moon who has been on guard all night, giving to the earth as much light as possible besides watching over her boys and girls the stars, takes her rest.

Every month the sun succeeds in catching and eating some of the stars. Then the mother moon grieves, and in her sorrow covers her gentle face with black. When towards the end of the month her period of mourning is over, her face becomes bright again, and she is happy once more. The stars love their mother, and are so happy when she passes among them that they sing and dance. If we watch them closely, we may catch a glimpse of their nimble twinkling feet as they skid about on the floor of the sky. After a time other stars disappear, and again the moon mother puts on mourning for them.

Picture Children

2. Penelope Boothby

MOST of the little girls who were alive during the reign of George the Third are now forgotten; but though Penelope Boothby died more than a hundred years ago, when she was only six years of age, there are many reasons why we still remember her.

Penelope was one of the little girls whose portraits were painted by that great artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds; and in the print of the picture shown here, though it does not show the colours the artist used, we can see her demure face, mob-cap, cross-over bodice, deep sash, and mittens as she sits with one arm over the other. Altogether it is a very charming picture.

Penelope's father was Sir Brooke Boothby, and his fine old country house still stands at Ashbourne, an old and delightful market-town in Derbyshire, not far from the beautiful Dove Dale.

In the rebellion of the year 1745, when Prince Charles Edward, the grandson of James the Second, was trying to win back the crown which his grandfather had lost, he and his officers stayed at Ashbourne Hall when they were on their way to Derby, which is thirteen miles away. But this was long before the time in which little Penelope and her parents lived.

Sir Brooke Boothby and Lady Boothby had also a large house in London, and when they were living there little Penelope, their only child, was often taken to the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds by her nurse Joan; for the artist was very fond of Penelope, and she loved to go to see him and his pictures.

One day when Nurse Joan was ill in bed it was found that little Penelope was missing. Her mother, her aunt, and the servants looked for her in every room and in the garden, yet they could not find her.

They did not wish to trouble poor Joan, but at last they told her that Penelope was lost, and asked her what they should do.

Joan advised them to go at once and ask Sir Joshua Reynolds. They did not think it possible that this little four-year-old girl could have found her way through the streets of London; still, the carriage was brought out, and away they drove, though they felt sure they would not find little Penelope. However, when they reached the house, there she was safe and sound under the care of Sir

Joshua, fast asleep in a chair.

Her mother and aunt were delighted to find the little girl again; and Sir Joshua told them that as soon as she came alone, tapping at the door, he sent a messenger to tell Lady Boothby where she would find her little girl. When the messenger arrived to tell the mother, she had already gone to Sir Joshua's house, so that she did not see him.

Sir Joshua painted Penelope when she was four years of age; and two years later this charming little girl died. Her mother and father, who had loved their only child more than anything else in the whole world, were overcome with grief, for no one could take the place of their little Penelope; and now not even their large houses

nor all their riches could make them happy. Afterwards they had a monument built over her grave in Ashbourne Church, by a famous sculptor, Thomas Banks. In this monument we see a mattress, carved in marble, and upon this lies a marble figure of little Penelope, with her head upon a pillow and her hands clasped. A beautiful piece of work it is, and one that touches the hearts of all who see it.

Penelope's father was a poet, and he wrote a book of verses about his little girl; so that with Sir Joshua's portrait, Thomas Banks's monument, and her father's book, little Penelope is not likely to be forgotten.



STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



East, West—Home's Best

THERE was once a little boy who lived in a small house on the eastern side of a broad river valley. Far away over the river he could see another house high up on the western side of the vale.

One morning he rose very early and went down to the garden gate. He looked across to the other little house, and he saw that the windows shone like gold.

Next morning he saw the same golden windows, and the next, and the next. Then he said, "My mother's house does not shine like that. I will go away over the river to that house with the windows of gold. Perhaps I shall see the queen."

So he set out, and found the way very long and tiring. He went down, down, down to the river, which he crossed by a small wooden bridge. Then he went up, up, up the steep side of the valley, till he came to the little house.

When he got to the door the sun was setting. He was very tired and hungry, and the kind woman in the house made him sit down in the garden and drink a glass of milk.

As he did so he looked at the little house behind him, and saw that the windows were just the same as those at home.

Then he turned his head and looked across the valley. He saw his own house far away, and lo, the windows shone like gold!

After another long walk he came to his home once more; and he told his mother where he had been. She took him upon her knee and said, "Did you ever hear of the monk of Rievaulx?"

"No," said the boy.

"One day," she said, "he grew tired of his quiet home in the old Yorkshire abbey. So he crept out one morning, and made his way over the moors to find a better home. He walked on and on, and at last grew very tired and hungry.

"As the sun was setting he came to a hill-top, and saw below him a beautiful abbey. He went down, thinking he had found a better home. But when he got to the gate he found that he was back again at his old home. So he went in, glad at heart, and told the abbot how sorry he was for his fault. And his sleep that night was very sweet."

Gems from the Poets

A Picture

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wand'ring for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint, and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending;
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels: I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

JOHN KEATS.

Our Competitions

In each Competition at least Three Book Prizes are offered for the best work.

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor*. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than April 16 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for April

SPECIAL NOTICE

Competitors are asked to note particularly the second part of Rule 2. When the competitions are sorted out for judging, those that have not full particulars on them become of no value.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write an essay (not exceeding 250 words) on what has been happening recently in Egypt.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE



Once upon a time there was an aged merchant of Bagdad who had three sons. One day this worthy man fell sick and died, bequeathing all his possessions to his three sons in equal shares. A difficulty arose over the stock of honey. There were exactly twenty-one barrels, and the old man had left instructions that not only should every son receive an equal quantity of honey, but should receive exactly the same number of barrels, and that no honey should be transferred from barrel to barrel on account of the waste involved. Now, as seven of these barrels were full of honey, seven were half-full, and seven were empty, this was found to be quite a

puzzle, especially as each brother objected to taking more than four barrels of the same description—full, half-full, or empty. Can you show how they succeeded in making a correct division of the property?

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A)

Tell what you know of Nicodemus.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of your schoolroom, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Write an essay saying which season you like most, and why.

A ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

After the annual meeting of a certain zoological society, it was found to every one's amusement that, by transposing the letters, the name of every man in the society could be made the name of some animal. Following are the names of the members: Dr. A. D. Morey, P. H. Gore, T. E. Phelan, T. M. Kraus, W. R. Saul, C. P. Carey, R. F. Tree, A. D. Berg, E. Wales, A. E. Griff, R. L. Squire, O. A. Millard, I. A. Groll, D. O. Pearl, I. R. Tabb, C. O. Acorn, A. E. Pelton, A. W. Tomb, E. V. Baer, E. E. Hatch. Can you find the animals that their names represent?

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B)

Write an account of the first Easter morning.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a vase of daffodils, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her of a pet that you keep, or one belonging to a friend of yours.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of an Easter egg, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for February

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Freda May Wood, 3 South Street, Bedminster, Bristol. John Weightman, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle. Matilda Cooper, Wrockwardine Wood Church of England School, Wellington, Salop. Martha Tootell, St. Paul's Church of England School Adlington, Lancashire.

Honourable Mention.—John Pitt, Kidderminster; Walter Bond and Harold Ellis, The Southfield School, Wandsworth; Mabel Bellsborough, Manchester; Nancy Cockburn, Inverness; E. Brindle, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Norman Lee, Hull; Beatrice Blocksidge, Hockley, Birmingham; Olive Manning, Harthill Church of England School; Connie

Taylor, Fulham, S.W.; Doris Bowman, Putney, S.W.; Margaret Mather, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; Elsie Felton, Kemberton School; Frank Shaughnessy, Bury; Harry Miller, Elm Street Council School, Middleton; Doris Potts, Haydock.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

[Jakes must have taken 7 animals to market, Hodge must have taken 11, and Durrant 21. There were thus 39 animals altogether.]

Prize-Winners.—Frank Shore, 31 Tonge Street, Heywood, Lancashire. Ernest Murdoch, 9 Westmoreland Street, Crosshill, Glasgow. Jennie Semple, Galloney, Strabane, County Tyrone. James M'Donald, Station Cottages, Greenisland, County Antrim.

Honourable Mention.—Louisa Batham, Wrockwardine Wood Church of England School, Wellington; Annie Drinkwater, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Henry M. Steer, Southfields; Joseph Russell, Strabane; Emmeline Houston, Convoy; R. Briggs and Arthur Schofield, Elm Street Council School, Middleton; James M'Kennon, Ballymoney.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Phyllis Deuchars, 40 Sea Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. Cissie Shainberg, Settles Street School, Mile End, E. 1. Charles Cogger, 154 Brookwood Road, Southfields, S.W. 18. Arthur Morley, 11A Wilton Road, Redhill, Surrey.

Honourable Mention.—May Fuller, Rotherfield Street School; Violet Anderson, Glasgow; Sydney Webb, Carlisle; Harold Ellis, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Jennie Levy, Settles Street School, E. 1; Marjory Smith, York; Arthur Fairclough, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Molly M'Bride, Croydon.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Arkle Elliot, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle. Mary Rawson, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden. Allan Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall. May E. Millican, Upper Ardreagh, Aghadowey, County Derry.

Honourable Mention.—Robert Brayne and Joseph Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Violet Davies and Sally Hodson, Wrockwardine Wood Church of England School, Wellington; Dorothy Durrant and Amy Giles, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Robert Maxwell, Springburn, Glasgow; John Piers, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Ena Rogers, Canterbury; Ruby Wilson, Bishopbriggs; Ivy Holloway, Southampton.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Helen Rosenbaum, Settles Street Girls' School, Mile End, E. 1. Catherine Hughes, 141 Crwys Road, Cathays, Cardiff. James Nuttall, Bamford Road Council School, Heywood. Evelyn Joan Marsh, St. Martin's Convent, Muswell Hill, N. 10.

Honourable Mention.—Cissie Owen, Fulham; Thelma Wheeler, Rice Lane Council School, Liverpool; Reg Hunter, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle; Evelyn Leonard, Warrington Road School, Widnes; Ronald Clifford and Cecil J. Chidgey, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Herbert Mullineaux and John Thornley, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; John Cronshaw, Heywood; Willie Reynolds, Bury; Nita Brayne, Kemberton School; Eric Rumney, Westbury-on-Tryn, Bristol; Jack Lawson, Sheffield; Olive James, Bansole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Hilda White Jeffrey, Corstorphine; Philip Goode, Rubery; Edith Bronstein and Yetta Danieloff, Settles Street School, E. 1.; Noel Jones, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Molly Pearce, Wrockwardine Wood Church of England School.

DRAWING COMPETITION (B)

[The incomplete drawings shown in the February number are now given complete. You will notice that when they appeared previously the little girl's umbrella was missing in the first picture, and a dog (or some other article at the end of the string) was required to complete the second picture.]



Prize-Winners.—Vera Newton, 4 Euston Road, Milton. W. Hewson, 74 Heythorpe Street, Southfields, S.W. 18. Sadie Owen, 76 Sidney Road, Bootle, Liverpool. George Hassall, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Elsie Giddins, Fulham; James Bell, Lochee; Doris Lacy, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Joan Isherwood, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Stuart Duff, Portobello; Frances Healey, Pendleton; John Jones, Portsmouth; Thomas Turner, Heywood; Kathleen Ireland Kay, Shrewsbury.

ALPHABET PUZZLE

[Answers were: (1) IV, ivy; (2) PK, piqué; (3) EC, easy; (4) SA, essay; (5) MT, empty; (6) XL, excel; (7) SX, Essex; (8) NV, envy; (9) OB, Obi; (10) RA, array.]

Prize-Winners.—Rene Kanareck, Settles Street School, Mile End, E. 1. Alice E. Bennett, 16 Queen Margaret's Grove, Mildmay Park, London, N. 1. Philip Crawford, 576 Darwen Road, Dunscar, near Bolton. Ellen Callaghan, 3 Bank Street, Lochee, Dundee.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Gilling, Ilford; Irene Burke, Settles Street School; Rosalie Grenville, London; Elsie Dixon, Bootle; Kenneth Crawford, Dunscar; Eva Cawley, Widnes; Ivy Lilian Stuart, London; Jean Gobat, Darlington; Emmeline Houston, Convoy; Elsie Woods, Salford; Phyllis Boden, Widnes; A. Lovegrove, Southfield School, London; Hilda Turner and Marjorie Fletcher, Hockley, Birmingham; Dorothy Thompson, London.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Winifred Woods, 178 Balmoral Road, Gillingham, Kent. Beth Robinson, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Willie Whiteside Iddon, Shore Side, Hesketh Bank, near Preston. Doris Lacy, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Annie Lemon, Saintfield; Winnie Hughes, Gillingham; Hilda White Jeffrey, Corstorphine; Harriet Cross and Mary Hassall, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Ethel Jones and Eliza Valentine, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Mary B. A. Davis, Gnosall; John Wilson, Bishopbriggs; Rhoda M. Blake, Gosport; George Marsden, Hull; Annie Cathcart, Larne; V. J. Salvetti, Portsmouth.

NELSON'S FAMOUS JUVENILE LIBRARY

Each 1s. 6d. net

This wonderful series is reduced from 1s. 9d. net to 1s. 6d. net from 1st April. Full-sized stories. Many titles have 300 pages and over. Well printed and illustrated. The ideal series for forming a Children's Library of the best modern stories at a small cost.

APRIL TITLES

Phil and I (B). PAUL BLAKE.
The Fen Robbers (B). TOM BEVAN.
Tom Tufton's Travels (B).
E. EVERETT-GREEN.

A Heroine of France (G). E. EVERETT-GREEN.
Dulcie and Tottie (G). EVERETT-GREEN.
Hunter's Marjory (G). M. B. CLARKE.

ALREADY ISSUED

Captain Mugford (B). W. H. G. KINGSTON.
The Gun Runners (B). W. D. FORDYCE.
Beggars of the Sea (B). TOM BEVAN.
Prester John (B). JOHN BUCHAN.
Diamond Rock (B). J. M. OXLEY.
Secret Service Submarine (B). THORNE.
The Story of Heather (C). M. WYNNE.
Six Devonshire Dumplings (C).
MARGARET BATCHELOR.
Etc.

The Adventure League (G). H. J. SKAE.
Peggy's Last Term (G). ETHEL TALBOT.
A Sea Queen's Sailing (G). WHISTLER.
Girls of Cromer Hall (G). R. JACBERNS.
Bosom Friends (G). ANGELA BRAZIL.
The Little Heiress (G). M. B. CLARKE.
Tell Me Some More (C). MARY FEW.
Golden Fairy Tales (C).
The Little Rajah (C). HOBART-HAMPDEN.
Etc.

In all 60 delightful titles to choose from.

B = Boys; G = Girls; C = Children.

THE "RED STAR" SERIES

Each 1s. 6d. net

A Splendid New Series of Reward Books for Children. Well printed on good paper. Colour Frontispiece. Cloth binding.

APRIL ISSUES

The Spoil-Sport.
Story of a Cat and Two Naughty
Magpies.

Adventures of Woodeny.
The Little Maid Who Danced.
The Khaki Boys.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Ltd., London & Edinburgh

"SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN" SERIES

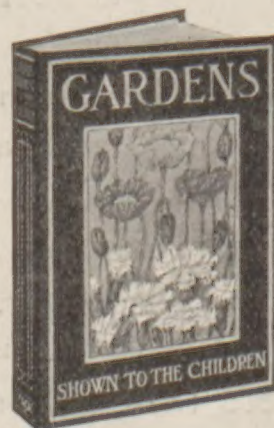
Cloth. Each 3s. 6d. net

Bold Type. Simple Language. Beautiful Illustrations.

BEES.
INSECTS.
BUTTERFLIES.



BIRDS.
TREES.
FLOWERS.



THE FARM.
GARDENS.
NESTS & EGGS.



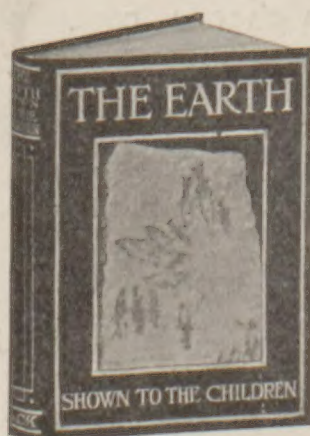
BEASTS.
THE EARTH.
RAILWAYS.



SEA-SHORE.
SHIPS AND
SEAFARING.



ARCHITECTURE.
THE
MICROSCOPE.



WORK AND
WORKERS.



STARS.
THE ARMY.
THE NAVY.

T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd., London and Edinburgh

**CHILDREN'S PAPER
COMPETITION FORM.** [April.

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Name.....

Address.....

Age last Birthday.....